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## WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.  
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 GREENWOOD LEAVES FOR OVER THE SEA.

No. 1.  
 Boston, January 29, 1853.

My DEAR E. B. — Undoubtedly the most  
 interesting and important work of art now  
 being executed in Rome, (to Americans, at least),  
 is the Washington Monument, by Mr. Crawford,  
 ordered, to her honor, by Virginia, and  
 destined to be the chief ornament and pride  
 of her handsomeness. Before speaking of the  
 merits of this work, let me give you an  
 artistic description of it. The entire  
 height of the monument is to be sixty feet.  
 This includes the equestrian statue of Wash-  
 ington—sixteen feet in height. Below this,  
 which is to stand on a square pedestal, shall  
 be some admirable bas-reliefs, and  
 the statue of George Washington, seated,  
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figure of much dignity and beauty. A very  
 pleasing composition is a group called "Re-  
 ceived Addresses"—a sitting figure of a little girl,  
 holding her kitten, which a dog at her knee is  
 striving in vain to conciliate. The attitude and  
 look of the little girl are very pretty and arch,  
 but the group is yet hardly in a state to be  
 described in detail.

Among Mr. Mozier's ideal busts I am most  
 pleased with a *Dupine*—several copies of  
 which are now in America. It is an exquisite  
 head—done rarely beautiful in form, but  
 expressive of much poetic thought. The face  
 and bearing of the head convey a sentiment of  
 resignation, with a tenderness and purity pecu-  
 liarly sweet and touching.

With some of the works of Mr. Ives I have  
 been much pleased. If not an enthusiast, he  
 seems a conscientious student in his art. If he  
 does not produce works startingly powerful  
 and original, whatever he does he does well.  
 He models with taste, feeling, and careful  
 finish. His portrait busts seem to me remark-  
 ably good. Of the latter, I like, especially,  
 a head of Ariadne—full of beauty of a noble  
 character.

Mr. Rodgers, a young sculptor of much tal-  
 ent and promise, has lately executed in marble,  
 a figure of *Ruth* which is very lovely; and one  
 of a charming and I think entirely original  
 subject—a little skater, making one of his first  
 essays on the ice. This last, which is called  
 "The *Truant*," delights me greatly, by a cer-  
 tain freshness of feeling, and about it, it  
 has in its study, a beautiful moment.

Mr. Bartholomew has two ideal figures late-  
 ly commenced, which cannot yet be judged of,  
 except by their studies, which are very pleas-  
 ing. This artist seems to excel in *baso-reliefs*.  
 His group, and a *Hamlet*, with his young guide,  
 which is marked by force, grace, and delicate  
 feeling.

Mr. Bartholomew has poetic sentiment, with  
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sprinkler at them, and they were good for a  
 twelve-month. Of course, this is done for a  
 consideration—as what is not, in the way of  
 church parades, privileges, and immunities.  
 The first applicants for a benediction, after  
 our arrival, were the miserable old party-hunters,  
 who looked as though the blessings of all the  
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 their legs for twenty-four. I fear the rite was  
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Next came a drove of donkeys, with their  
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BY ALICE CARY.

(CONCLUDED.)

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 sometimes, and a single wreath of rose may be  
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 upon one occasion, certainly, a harmless rabbit  
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 in the winter snow, in which the drops of his  
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"Look there!" exclaimed Mrs. Hulbert, as  
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 "O, dear! and my hands, too," she said, hold-  
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"It was all my fault," said Mr. Willard, look-  
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Both felt a relief when Mr. Hulbert enter-  
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"But, Linney, you don't know how to cook it,  
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 And, indeed, what man is there but that sup-  
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She made some sort of vague reply, which  
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But the truth is, she had heard nothing he  
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"What!" said the mother, in a surprised  
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 "He says nothing that you will be glad to hear  
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"Had he got Linney's letter?" asked the  
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 And this it was that had so much interest  
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That night, as Mrs. Hulbert wound the clock,  
 she said, "Do you think you could keep house  
 for a day or two?"  
 "Yes, why not?" she answered, and looking more  
 curiously than she spoke.

"Oh, I don't know, child," and directly she  
 added, "yes, I do, too. May be we will go to  
 Augusta in a week or so, father and me."  
 "Willard sick?" asked Linney, her heart  
 stirred anew.

"No," and Mrs. Hulbert looked anxiously  
 into the fire.

"Because," continued Linney, seeing that  
 she was not likely to explain, "I thought it  
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But Mrs. Hulbert, who understood her mean-  
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"Nor I either, as I know of," and Mrs. Hul-  
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And so for an hour the two women sat to-  
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Before she retired that night, Linney visited  
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 the stockings designed for him, replaced them  
 with the bundle prepared for market. Then,  
 removing the pillow, she took the letter and  
 the Bible, and placed them on the shelf above  
 the window.

And from such small things as we have re-  
 corded here the faces that shape destiny.

The following day, while preparations for  
 Mrs. Hulbert's visit to Augusta were going

briskly forward, George Willard made his ap-  
 pearance, looking fresh, and smiling, and happy.  
 "I am come to carry Linney home with me  
 to dine," he said, by way of apology to Mrs.  
 Hulbert, who, perhaps, looked somewhat of the  
 astonishment she felt at her husband's return,  
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 Mrs. Hulbert's visit to Augusta were going